

## NO. 13.

[\* Why load a very common cadence with all this superfluity of learned phrase?—ED.]

### M. Zimmerman, the Composer.

A few days ago, (says a late Paris letter to the Boston *Atlas*,) all the artists, all the musicians, all the literary men of Paris, were assembled at Notre Dame de Lorette, to pay the last outward honors friends can bestow, to M. Zimmerman. The service was imposing and severe. M. Aymes sang admirably an unpublished composition of the deceased, his *Pie Jesu*, at the elevation, and after the service in the church all his friends followed his body to his favorite village, Auteuil, where Baron Taylor bade him adieu in a touching discourse. M. Zimmerman was a striking example of the absolute truth of the old remark that men may make themselves what they please. By his unvarying punctuality, by his laborious and patient life, by his indefatigable activity, by his uprightness of character, he had raised himself from the humblest position to a considerable fame, to an ample fortune, to universal consideration by all classes of society.

M. Zimmerman was born in Paris, March 17, 1785. He entered the Conservatoire while quite young; Boieldieu was his piano master, and Rey, and afterwards Catel, were his masters of harmony. While only fourteen he gained his first prize as pianist, while Kalkbrenner, who was his competitor, obtained only the second prize. In 1816 he was appointed a professor of the piano, and then began that long and noble career which has given the musical world some of the best contemporary pianists: Gorla, Prudent, Lacombe, Ravina, Alkan, Marmontel, Josephine Martin, Anatole Petit, Jules Cohen, are all his pupils; and among the composers who had him for master I may mention Ambroise Thomas, Henri Potier, Victor Masse, &c. His principal works are: a mass which was executed last year on St. Cecilia's day; an Heroical Requiem, written by command in 1846, for the inauguration of the Emperor's tomb; *Ulysse a Corcyre*, a grand opera in three acts; *L'Enlèvement*, an opera comique in three acts, (played in 1830, and with success;) *Le Mur Mitoyen*, in one act; a symphony for a grand orchestra; two overtures; an *Encyclopedie Musicale*, thought here very valuable; treatises on harmony, on fugue and counterpoint, on composition—all of which have been adopted by the Conservatoire—and fifty pieces of instrumental music. M. Zimmerman's generosity and beneficence were boundless. How many times, when he was satisfied with the application and the progress of his poorer pupils, did he pay them for it! Let me relate to you one of his first escapades—for he did not wait until he was a man of fortune before he unclasped his purse. He had a friend of about his own age, a painter of a good deal of talent, M. Gaillot, a pupil of David. After saying they were young, I need not mention what castles in the air they builded, all glittering in the blaze of glory. M. Zimmerman had just commenced giving some lessons, and his lessons brought him in a very little money, nay, as you will presently see, sometimes cost him money. His friend managed to lay up something—enough to purchase a large canvas; the canvas was no sooner in his studio than he ran to Zimmerman—

"Embrace me, *mon cher*," said he, "I have just purchased a magnificent canvas, one of my friends has lent me his studio during a visit he pays to Italy, and I am going to make a splendid painting."

"Have you selected the subject of it?"

"Yes, indeed, a Roman theme, a subject worthy of being treated by a man—Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi."

"*Tres bien!* work hard and give a *chef d'œuvre*."

"Now see here, old fellow, send your lessons to old Nick, and write me an opera in five acts. I have the subject for you—Regulus in his iron cage—and we'll get some one to hash up a 'book' for you. O! how happy I should be, if the day I exhibit my picture, a great opera by you is played."

"Nothing would make me happier," said Zimmerman; "but your vision is impossible. Prepare your painting, and let me continue to give my lessons; for see here, *mon cher*; three of my

pupils would starve to death, if I did not lend them the money the other two pay me."

M. Gaillot set to work, and in six weeks his painting was finished; he wanted a frame for it, a gilder sold him one on credit; his picture was received, and occupied a prominent place in the Exhibition. Gaillot and Zimmerman fell into each other's arms, and hugged each other, and wept for joy; they deemed themselves masters of the world. The Exhibition wore on, but no purchaser for the great *chef d'œuvre* appeared; the Exhibition closed; still no purchaser knocked at the door of the borrowed studio; a notice appeared, requesting all artists to remove their paintings; still no purchaser—poor Gaillot was in the predicament of the Vicar of Wakefield, after his family were planted in Arcadia. He told Zimmerman he would be obliged to burn his *chef d'œuvre*. Zimmerman said nothing, but the next day, his face radiant with joy, asked Gaillot what he would take for his painting.

"Why, at first, I thought I would get 500 francs for it; but now I would willingly take 200 francs."

"Here are 500 francs for you," said Zimmerman; "a rich amateur of my acquaintance has been very much struck with your painting, and instructed me to purchase it for him."

This "rich amateur" was Zimmerman, who, to encourage his friend, had sold his notes to raise the money, and which he met at maturity, thanks to his untiring labor. His life ended as it began—one of his last acts in this world was to provide by his will a bequest of government securities, representing an annual income of 1000 or 1200 frs., to the Society of Musicians. What a loss his house is to Paris! It was one of the most popular and the most hospitable here; he had lived for more than twenty-five years in the Cité d'Orleans—that city of artists—and every artist of European celebrity (even Jenny Lind sang there!) has sung there, and every composer has published there some composition which afterwards perhaps made the tour of the world. MM. Meyerbeer, Auber, Halevy, were his most familiar guests. He leaves a son and three daughters—the eldest is married to M. Dubuffe, the painter; the second to a wealthy merchant of Fecamp; the third to M. Charles Gounod, the author of *Sapho*, of the choruses of *Ulysse*, and the Manager of the Orpheon. I need scarcely tell you what M. Zimmerman died of—for I have long since told you, that all our literary men and artists die of a hardened heart or a softened brain. M. Zimmerman died of a disease of the heart.

### The Portamento di Voce.

The *Portamento di voce* is very generally used in speaking of singing, and in teaching it: and it forms, most certainly, one of the most important parts of instruction; and, if perfectly executed, one of the greatest, most expressive, and touching beauties in the art of singing. Yet the *portamento* is very generally misunderstood, even by the teachers of music; and in fact, it can better be perceived by the ear than explained by words.

Haeser, a very eminent professor of singing, gives the best explanation of it, which is as follows: "*Portamento* is not only the sustaining of the voice in its full metal (*timbre* in French,) through all its possible shades of high or low, and forte or piano, but also, and this latter in particular, the blending and melting of one tone into another; which is most perfect, when every tone, in perfect equality of strength, fullness and roundness, flows on, as it were, into the next; thus being most intimately combined with it."

The human voice alone is capable of producing the *portamento* perfectly; and to this circumstance it owes greatly the superiority of expression which it enjoys over instruments. Next to the human voice stand the wind instruments in this preeminence, the tone being produced from them by breathing. Stringed instruments are still less capable of producing the *portamento*, and keyed instruments not at all.

The *portamento* must be well distinguished from the disgustingly ill-toned *drawing* of one tone into

another; which is like the sound produced on stringed instruments by slowly running down the finger on the same string. This is no *portamento*, although it is by many singers practised as such, and called so. It is, on the contrary, a fault, producing a disagreeable drawling and howling (*urlare*, or delicately termed *maniera affettata*, *smorflosa*, by the Italian.) It might be permitted in piano and soft parts, between two tones of only half a tone's distance; and then only by *soprano* voices. In lower voices the effect is under all circumstances disagreeable.

To study the *portamento* will only be of use, after the singer has his head and chest registers of the voice, in their equality and union, completely in his power. Good exercises for it are scales in A and E major; first in long notes, and only gradually in shorter ones: and after that, pieces which are suitable for it by their time, (*largo*, *adagio*, *cantabile*, &c.) and by their character, (more properly song than declamation.) The upward scale gives a better exercise than the downward scale, experience showing that most voices go easier downwards than upwards, and the downward scale also tending to create the fault of *drawing* the tones into one another.

A good *portamento* gives an inexpressible charm to singing; but it would produce monotony and effeminacy, if constantly used. The singer would therefore do well to practice alternately uniting and sustaining the notes in the *portamento*, and then to take them up fresh without binding them thus closely.

The greatest art in the *portamento* is, to make the transition of the tones into each other so imperceptible, that they appear to be bound together, and yet so plain and distinct, that they appear at the same time to be *staccato*.

A CONCERT PROGRAMME!—We clip the following from a German and English paper published in St. Louis.

### German Beerhall,

No. 16, North 3d Street, between Market and Chesnut Street.  
Monday, the 5th December, and every following Monday,

### Grand Concert,

In two parts, executed by Mr. A. DERLETH and his renowned Band.

The newest and best compositions of German, French and Italian Music are executed, and the Programme is changed every week.

Admission: Free of charge.

Doors open at 6 o'clock, the Concert begins at 7.

The BAVARIAN BEER from the SALVATOR-BREWERY will be served; also:

RUSSIAN CAVIAR,  
SWISS CHEESE,  
LIMBURG CHEESE,  
SMOKED SAUSAGES,  
PICKLED DUTCH HERRINGS,  
and other Eatables.

Every lover of pleasure and jovial amusement is politely invited.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS. A writer in the *Transcript* communicates the following gratifying intelligence of the progress of our young Boston cantatrice. Can the "*Vestal*," in which she is said to have made her debut, be Spontini's *Vestale*? Then indeed does her beginning indicate a worthier artistic aim than is commonly evinced by Italian opera *debutantes*!

In "*Il Buon Gusto*," of the 30th Oct., published in Florence, is the following notice: "Miss Adelaide Phillips has been engaged for the Fall season at Brescia, and for the Carnival at Crema, through the agency of Signor Magotti. Miss Phillips possesses a magnificent and powerful voice, and has all the requisites of a distinguished Prima Donna."

A private letter under date of Nov. 6th, to a gentleman in this city, states: "Every one is delighted with her, and anticipates for her the most



brilliant success. She leaves this place to-morrow for Brescia, where she makes her debut on the 25th inst, in the opera of the 'Vestal.' She is very happy in the idea of appearing in public. There are here, at present, 250 singers waiting for an engagement, who generally are obliged to pay 200 to 300 dollars for an opportunity to come out. She therefore considers herself very fortunate to have secured so early an offer of an engagement."

#### THE NIGHTINGALE.

A day of fuller joy arose for me  
When the young Spring-tide came, and dark-eyed boys  
Bound violets and anemones to sell.  
The later light gave scope to long delight,  
And I might stray, unhaunted by the fear  
Of fever, or the chill of evening air,  
While happiest companionship enriched  
The ways whose very dust was gold before.  
Then the enchantment of an orange grove  
First overcame me, entering thy lone walks  
Cloistered in twilight, Villa Massimo!  
Where the stern cypresses stand up to guard  
A thousand memories of blessedness.  
There seemed a worship in the concentrate  
Deep-breathing sweetness of those virgin flowers,  
Fervid as worship is in passionate souls  
That have not found their vent in earthly life,  
And soar too wild untought, and sink unaided.  
They filled the air with incense gathered up  
For the pale vesper of the evening star.  
Nor failed the rite of meet antiphony—  
I felt the silence holy, till a note  
Fell, as a sound of rapture from heaven—  
Fell, as a star falls, trailing sound for light;  
And, ere its thread of melody was broken,  
From the serene sprang other sounds, its fellows,  
That fluttered back celestial welcoming.  
Astonished, penetrate, too past myself  
To know I sinned in speaking, where a breath  
Less exquisite was sacrilege, my lips  
Gave passage to one cry: God! what is that?  
(Oh! not to know what has no peer on earth!)  
And one, not distant, stooped to me and said:  
'If ever thou recall thy friend afar,  
Let him but be commemorate with this hour,  
The first in which thou heard'st our Nightingale.'

Passion Flowers.

#### Mozart's Opinion of Handel.

Mozart regarded Handel as the highest among all composers. He was as intimate with the chief compositions of this master, so unsurpassed in his particular field, as if he had long been the director of the London Academy for the preservation of ancient music.

When the Abbé Stadler, after Mozart's death, arranged his musical manuscripts, he found many proofs of his constant study of Handel's works.

Mozart said, "Handel knows best what produces effect. Where he wants it, he strikes like a thunderbolt."

Mozart's predilection went so far, that he composed a great deal in Handel's manner; of which, however, little has ever been printed. According to Stadler, he used also subjects from Handel's works in his famous Requiem: thus the theme to the *Requiem* and to the *Kyrie* are taken from him.

He went farther than most of our present amateurs: he valued and cherished not only Handel's Choruses, but many of his *Airs* and *Solos*. He says, "Although Handel sometimes suffers himself in them to go on in the manner of his times, yet they are never without meaning."

Even in the Opera of *Don Giovanni*, Mozart wrote an air in Handel's manner, marking it thus in the score: this air, however, is always omitted in the performance.

Handel's greatest cotemporary, John Sebastian Bach, said of him, "He is the only one, whom I should like to see before my death, and who I should like to be, if I was not Bach!" When this was told to the greatest composer after him, Mozart, he exclaimed, "Truly, I would say the same, if I could have a voice where they are heard."

#### Mozart's own Account of his Method of Composing.

"You say you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow in writing works of some extent. I can really say no more upon this subject than the following,—for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer,—say travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good meal, or during the night when I cannot sleep,—it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. Whence and how they come, I know not, nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me, I retain in memory, and am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it,—that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counterpoint, the peculiarities of the different instruments, &c. All this fires my soul; and, provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. The delight this gives me I cannot express. All this inventing, this producing, takes place as it were, in a pleasing lively dream; still the actual hearing of the *tout ensemble* (whole together) is, after all, the best. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget; and this is, perhaps, the best gift I have my Divine Maker to thank for."

"When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use that phrase, what has previously been collected into it in the way I have mentioned: for this reason the committing to paper is done quickly enough; for every thing, as I said before, is already finished; and it rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination. At this occupation I can, therefore, suffer myself to be disturbed; for, whatever may be going on around me, still I write, and even talk on trifling matters. But why productions take from my hand that particular form and style which makes them *Mozartish*, and different from the works of other composers, is probably owing to the same cause which renders my nose so-and-so, large, or aquiline, or, in short, makes it Mozart's, and different from those of other people; for I really do not study to aim at any originality. I should, in fact, not be able to describe in what mine consists; though I think it quite natural, that persons who have really an individual appearance of their own, are differently organized from others, both externally and internally. Let this suffice, and never, my best friend, never trouble me again with such subjects."

[From the Traveller of Dec. 20.]

#### Piano-Fortes.

Very few people out of the city of Boston, or even within it, have any just conception of the amount of business done here in the manufacture of Pianos. The following are some of the results we have been able to gather respecting the number manufactured at the present time, while preparations are being made for a great increase in the supply. The number made per week by the different persons and companies engaged in the business is, as nearly as we can learn, as follows:

Chickering & Sons make thirty per week. The demand at the present time at the establishment of the Chickering's, whose sale room is at the Masonic Temple, in Tremont street, is fully double the supply, and in order to meet the demand, these gentlemen are now completing on the Neck a new building of an enormous size, covering an area of 46,000 feet, five stories in height in front and six in the rear. This establishment will cost something more than \$100,000. The work will be done as far as practicable by steam machinery, but will also employ as many as four hundred hands. When completed and in full operation, it is expected that sixty pianos per week, will be

turned out at this establishment alone, which will be only just sufficient to meet the present demand. Of the character of the pianos made by Mr. Chickering the world has already formed its opinion, and the facts above given are a sufficient evidence of the estimation in which they are held. The highest number reached by them at the present time is 13,960, soon to be increased at the rate of 3000 annually.

The recent sudden death of the head of this firm, though a grievous loss to the establishment and to the whole community, will not interfere with the progress of the business; everything will go on as before.

The establishment next in importance is that of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co; but as their manufactory is undergoing material additions, we must wait for its entire completion, before giving any account of their operations.

Messrs. Hallett & Cumston, whose sale room is at 339 Washington st., make about fifteen per week, and employ at present one hundred hands. Mr. Russell Hallet of this firm, is one of the oldest manufacturers of pianos in the city of Boston. He commenced his apprenticeship at the business in 1821, with John Osborn. Messrs. Jonas Chickering and Timothy Gilbert commenced business at about the same time with Mr. Hallet, so that those three gentlemen have been engaged in the business longer than any other persons in the city.

T. Gilbert & Co., 484 Washington street, make twelve or fourteen pianos per week, and employ more than a hundred hands. This firm is the only one which makes the pianos with the *Æolian* attachment, for the patent of which they paid \$10,000. They have applied the attachment to 1900 pianos. They find it impossible to meet the demand for their work.

Mr. Lemuel Gilbert, 514 Washington street, is making about fourteen per week and employs about one hundred hands. He makes about an equal number of boudoir and square pianos.

A. W. Ladd & Co., 269 Washington street, make eight pianos per week, and employ about fifty hands. They have recently adopted what they consider an improvement in the manufacture of pianos, which they term "a grand diagonal scale." They are also extending their preparations for a more enlarged business, so as to make ten or twelve pianos per week.

Wm. P. Emerson, 395 Washington street, makes six per week and is enlarging his business also so as to make nine per week. He now employs something over thirty hands. For superior workmanship Mr. E's pianos will compare favorably with any manufactured in Boston.

Woodward & Brown, 387 Washington street, make six per week and employ over thirty hands. They are increasing their facilities for business also. They took the first premium for square pianos at the late Mechanics' Fair.

Mr. Geo. Hews makes about five per week and employs nearly forty men. His wareroom is adorned with diplomas and medals which he has received from different institutions.

Messrs. Brown & Allen make six per week, and employ about forty hands. They are erecting a new building at the corner of Hayward Place and Washington streets, with the expectation of doubling the amount of their business soon.

Mr. Jacob Chickering, 300 Washington street, makes four per week, and employs twenty-five or thirty hands.

Messrs. E. Harper, L. Matt, R. F. Gray & Co., and Brown & Munro, each make about fifty pianos per year, and employ some eight or ten men each.

There are other establishments, whose numbers we could not learn. But on the supposition that they make about four per week, which we are inclined to believe is about correct, there are made in the city of Boston,—or finished here, much of the heavier work being done in the country—one hundred and thirty-six pianos per week, giving employment to nearly one thousand men.

There are only two establishments where Grand Pianos are made, those of Chickering & Sons and Hallett, Davis & Co. We have endeavored to state the simple facts with regard to this very im-

portant branch of business in this city, and have obtained our information in all cases directly from the manufacturers themselves, or those in their employ, competent to give it. The object in laying these facts before the public is only to enable the community to form something of an idea of the extent of this branch of business.

From the above statistics it appears that 136 pianos are made in the city of Boston every week, or 7,072 every year. It is perhaps impossible to tell what is the precise value of the whole, but on the supposition that they will sell upon an average for \$300 each—many of the Grand Pianos sell for from \$600 to \$1000—the whole amount is \$2,121,600. When the improvements now begun for increasing this species of manufacture are completed, the number made annually will increase to 10,000, and amount in value to \$3,000,000.

#### THE JOY OF POESY.

Voices of care and pleasure, cease—  
Harp! thou and I have room at length;  
Incline thy sweetness to my skill,  
And give back melody for strength.

Oh! not amiss the Master Bard  
Is pictured to the vulgar mind  
Possessed of inner sight alone;  
The poet at his song is blind.

He sees nor circumstance, nor friend,  
His listeners press not in on him;  
Cloud-rapt in possibility,  
His thoughts and ways are far and dim.

Led by the wonder of his theme,  
He writes his word in doubt and shade;  
Its glory scarcely shows to him—  
Do stars look bright to God that made?

He leaves, and follows on for more,  
By winged steed or Stygian boat;  
Men see the letters all in light,  
And bless the unconscious hand that wrote.

For sure, among all arts is none  
So far transcending sense as this,  
That follows its own painful way,  
And cannot rest in bane or bliss;

That moulds, to more than face or form,  
That paints, to more than Nature's hue,  
And from th' intense of passion brings  
The deeply, passionlessly true;

That, in unlettered ages, read  
The thoughts that in God's heavens are;  
Divined the Orient speech of Day,  
And told the tale of star to star.

Oh! tremblingly I sit to sing,  
And take the lyre upon my knee;  
Like child divine to mortal maid,  
My gift is full of awe to me.

To sing for praise, to sing for gold,  
Or ev'n for mere delight of singing,  
Were as if empty joy of smell  
Should prompt the censer's fragrant swinging.

Dear Soul of bliss, and bliss of song,  
Be thou and song insphered with me;  
Thus may I hold the sacred gift,  
Possessing, but posset in thee.

Passion Flowers.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### From my Diary. No. XXXVI.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—For the first time this season at one of our Philharmonic rehearsals—might almost as well have stayed away, so far as pleasure was concerned; for, of all Babels, the Apollo rooms, considering the occasion, rank nearly with the worst. The first and last movements of Beethoven's Symphony in D major (the 2d) and an overture by Spohr (as I understood, it was new to me) were played, and some two hundred people were collected ostensibly to hear them. Much good may what they heard do them! How it is possible for poor Eisfeld to perform the duties of a conductor amid the noise, confusion, gabble, chattering, talking, laughing,

coming in and going out, beau-ing and belle-ing, and so on through the whole catalogue of anti-music, I cannot see. Certain sharp articles have appeared in the Boston papers lately, about the outrageous conduct exhibited by the thousands who assemble at the Germania rehearsals there; I would risk a small sum on a wager that the hundreds, who go to the Apollo rooms, "can bate thim out of sight intirely." As a matter of curiosity—just to see what musical (!) young ladies and their beaux can do, it is worth while to attend once. Those who desire to do this, must come soon, for as things now go on, it cannot be possible much longer for the Society to attempt rehearsals in public. Here is an anecdote of Beethoven—by what association of ideas can it have popped into my mind just now, I wonder?

Ferdinand Ries says that on one occasion, while he was Beethoven's pupil, he and his master were playing some four-hand marches at the house of Count Browne, in Vienna, and that a certain nobleman, prince, or something of the kind, instead of listening to the music, continued a conversation in an audible voice with a fashionable lady. Beethoven bore it a few moments, but as there was no cessation, he suddenly sprang up from the instrument, snatched Ries's hands also from the keys, and cried out:

"I do not play for such *seine*!"

Oh, it is "nuts" to me to "phancy that couple's phelinks."

GOOD, for old Beethoven!

Dec. 27.—I am getting to be almost as good an admirer of Jullien as the *Tribune* critic himself. Make a distinction between *descriptive* and *imitative* music—as between historic and dramatic writing—and I dare put Jullien at the head of those, who have given the world compositions of the latter class. In this class I include Beethoven's "Victory of Wellington,"—not his Pastoral Symphony. This belongs to the former class, and so do Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture, his "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, Gade's "In the Highlands," and so on. Now, on Friday and Saturday evenings, we had at the Metropolitan, among other things, the following specimens of imitative composition, which seem to me truly extraordinary:

The "Katydid Polka," which can only be truly appreciated by those who know what a concert at Castle Garden in Summer is; but to such—while it is delicious to all—it is inimitable. A true poet is discoursing of the moonlight, the gentle murmurs of the waters of the harbor, of the sighing of the evening breeze in the trees of the Battery, of the hidden shower and of the pleasant "voices of the night" from the sonorous wings of insects, from the throat of the tree frog, and so on. Each hearing makes this polka better, and the last time I joined heartily in the demand for a repetition.

The Finale of the "Great Exhibition Quadrille," where Jullien represents the multitudes coming up, amid all sorts of London sounds and to the music of their own National Marches, to the Crystal Palace. Such a rush, hurry, bustle, confusion!

Thirdly and lastly, the orchestral arrangements from the opera of the "Last Days of Pompeii," in which I became so wrought up that I found myself catching my breath and clenching my hands, as the orchestra marched onward to the gigantic climax. The audience seemed awed by the tremendous tumult on the stage, increased and strengthened and deepened by the rolling of thunder and crash of falling edifices represented in an adjoining apartment.

A greater contrast cannot well be imagined than that between the first and the other two of these three pieces. The first alone gives me any great satisfaction; but I can no more deny the genius which has produced them, than that which gave us the exquisite finale, *Carlo Magno*, in "Ernani."

But to me, the greatest wonder after all is that he, Jullien, should throw off all that is Jullien-ish and prove himself the best interpreter of Handel I ever saw, at home or abroad. I was greatly amused at one of the rehearsals of the "Messiah," to see him stop everything and call attention to a passage in which the strings persisted in *sharpening* a note. It was explained that the note in question must be given *natural*, it was the "what you call ancient, antique style—nobody writes so now—that is what they call *sacred*"—and this with the funniest shrug of the shoulders. In another place he made a

change in the *tempo*, for which the orchestra was not prepared. "You do not find it so marked," said he. "No," was the reply. "But this is the tradition," returned Jullien, and in accordance with the tradition the passage was played. This will give some idea how carefully he has studied his author.

Well, last night there was an opportunity to see the result of these rehearsals. Metropolitan Hall was a jam. The Orchestra and the Sacred Harmonic Society filled not only the stage but a temporary addition extending quite across the end of the room—and the conductor had the good sense to put the chorus in front—the only proper arrangement, and one by which the chorus gets some benefit from the instruments.

Fry had adapted Italian words to some of the fine bass songs and recitatives, so that we had Badioli's magnificent tones among the *solis*. The principal soprano was a Miss Brainard, whose voice, not very powerful, is delicious; Mme. Pico Vietti, alto; our old Handel and Haydn singer, Colburn, was the tenor, and there were two other soloists, not known to me.

So at seven o'clock, *punctum*, Jullien raised his bâton, and that army, so used to producing "effects," moved onward through the sombre, lugubrious strains of the overture of Handel's "Messiah," as if they knew no other style. Now, how this, that, or the other number went, how this, that, or the other singer performed, no matter; everything was respectable, much was good, and the greater part was *very fine*. The orchestration was—save a defective trumpet in one or two places (Koenig did not play, I believe)—superb, and truly Handelian throughout. The choral singing—considering that the Harmonic Society is only in its second year—was generally very good, and some of the choruses were most grandly given—truly a triumph for Bristow, who is conductor of the Society. It has long been a reproach to this city, that it cannot, or will not, sustain choral associations. If it does not sustain the one which sang last night, people had better stop prating about musical taste, refinement and appreciation. Of course it will not do to compare it with some three or four old societies, whose excellence is the growth of many years of hard and constant practice; but its success was such that during its singing I "rejoiced greatly."

But to go back to Jullien. What I admire in him is his thorough study of a work, be it a symphony by either of the giants, an arrangement from whatever opera, a resuscitation of the music of two centuries ago, a descriptive sketch of our own Fry, or the lofty, religious music of last night;—and then his infusion of his own interpretation of it into every performance, so that the most beautiful unity and completeness marks the entire performance. It was beautiful to notice his success in making the various numbers follow each other without hesitation, and with no such perceptible break as oftentimes makes such a work seem disjointed and incoherent; and to see how by a slight increase in the tempos towards the close, he avoided the rock of dullness and heaviness on which performances of the "Messiah" do sometimes split.

In a word, the oratorio last night was a great success for Jullien, his orchestra, and for the Sacred Harmonic Society.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 31, 1853.

#### Handel's "Messiah" Twice.

The musical event of our week,—and none more fitting for the happy Christmas holy-days,—has been the performance on two successive evenings of an oratorio, whose every note is dear as Christmas to those who know it with the ear and in the spirit. We cannot say that the two renderings were equally complete and satisfying; and we are not aware of any partiality towards either Society which could have predisposed us to enjoy less in the one case than in the other; to us, at such a time, the singers were nothing, the



music and the meaning of the oratorio were all; or if we had any feeling towards the performing bodies, it was as to those who were a part and parcel of ourselves, engaged with us and for us in a common work, of whose successes or shortcomings we might speak as freely as if we ourselves had borne a part in them. If we had sung, a zealous member, in both choirs, or if we had had the organizing of both efforts, we doubt not we should have jotted down our honest private impressions of the success of the two experiments essentially as follows. We take them one at a time and in their order.

#### I. ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

Under all the circumstances, which it is not for us to particularize, and which perhaps we do not fully understand,—of a society weakened by a large secession, and eked out by volunteers, and as it seemed to us, not filled with unanimity of courage—we were surprised that the EDUCATION SOCIETY made out so well. The performance was not without its points of excellence; and if as a whole the oratorio did not fill our soul and lift us up as it has done before, and since, it was partly, no doubt, because we happened to carry to it a greater amount of physical weariness and pain than the sublimest music could entirely overcome. Yet the perceptive and reasoning faculties convinced us that there was something wanting in the way the music was addressed to us, as well as in our own accidental deadness of feeling. The overture was played well by the Germania Orchestra, without Mr. BERGMANN for conductor and the opening recitative and air were well sung. Indeed we never listened with more satisfaction to Mr. ARTHURSON, whose sweet but not robust tenor appeared this time perfectly at his command. In Handel's recitative he has been truly schooled, which can hardly be said of most of our native professionals or amateurs. He renders you the style and spirit of it, and makes it interesting where it is commonly voted dull and monotonous. He indulged less in fancy embellishment than formerly, but we would say with Hamlet: "O reform it altogether!"—for how can a single extra cadenza add to, or fail to weaken, the expression of anything so chaste and perfect in its every note as *Comfort ye, my people*? In rendering the exquisite pathos of *Thy rebuke hath broken his heart*, with the air: *Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow*, Mr. Arthurson was highly successful; but it is no disparagement to him to say that *Thou shalt break them*, &c., demands the most gigantic and tremendous sort of tenor; and we must be content to have that music merely hinted to us by the singer, until we can find another Braham's voice to realize it.

Mr. AIKEN gave a correct, firm rendering of the bass recitatives and airs, all excepting the trumpet song, which belongs to the portions curtailed. We were pleased with the warm and clear contralto of Miss AGNES STONE in *Behold! a virgin*, and *O thou that tellest*; but we felt that the melody was held back in tempo and not allowed the natural elasticity and freedom of the six-eight measure; the tune would fain sing itself a little faster.

The great soprano solos were entrusted to Miss ANNA STONE, by right of all the past: namely, the recitatives: *There were shepherds*, *And lo! the Angel*, &c.; and the airs: *Rejoice greatly*, *He was despised*, and *I know that my Redeemer*—

truly a wide and vastly various range of song for one to compass! The lady seemed not in her best voice or spirits, suffering from a cold apparently, and yet (with the exception of *He was despised*, which lies in those lower regions of the voice where the peculiar virtue of her singing does not lie at all,) these pieces had quite creditable treatment. Miss DOANE, with her clear, reedy, telling voice, was welcome back after too long absence from public performances of this kind. She sang *Come unto him*, *But thou didst not leave*, and *How beautiful*, with such simplicity and purity of style, and so much feeling, that one could forgive the sharpening of a note in one or two instances.

Taken all together, therefore, the solo singing was rather above the average of what we have been accustomed to in such performances. But we did miss the traditional and glorious effect of many of those mighty choruses. The chorus seats were filled, even up into the corners of the side galleries; there must have been near 250 voices; and several, indeed most of the choruses appeared to be correctly sung. Yet was there a lack of vitality, of glorious resonance, of satisfying fulness and roundness. The four parts were not balanced; the female voices sounded thin and insufficient; and frequently it seemed as if most of the sopranos hesitated from timidity, while the attack was made by a few loud voices that stood out in too hard and sharp a prominence. Some choruses were hurried; we had heard them in rehearsal taken much too slow, as if by way of drill, and it now seemed as if they were actuated by an anxious avoidance of that first extreme. In the "Hallelujah," especially, we felt this; and that noble chorus also suffered from the effect of a notice on the programme exhorting the audience to stand up during its performance. Taking advantage of the fact that the "Hallelujah" was here set down for the concluding piece, many stood up and began to go, leaving great empty spaces (to say nothing of the bustle) for a commentary on that effort to enforce a spontaneous manifestation of reverence and enthusiasm.

Then this curtailment of the "Messiah,"—granting that some omissions are almost unavoidable in a work so long,—was far from well considered. The "Hallelujah" chorus is not the proper ending of the oratorio, and, in order to make it so, it had to be transposed from its place before *I know that my Redeemer*. Although a separable and perfect whole in itself, this chorus, taken in the progress of the oratorio, leaves a sense of incompleteness. Handel's own division of the oratorio into three parts is the true one, not at all arbitrary, but based on unities of subject. The first part is all promise and annunciation. The second is all suffering (Passion) and yearning for deliverance, beginning fitly with *Behold the Lamb*, that deep and solemn vocal overture, if we may so speak, and ending triumphantly with *Hallelujah!* And the great song of faith, *I know that my Redeemer*, opens the third part, which is all of faith and spiritual foretaste of immortality, and which comes to a sort of double close of choruses (like the double bar in music), grander than all before, namely: *Worthy is the Lamb*, and as a conclusion to that conclusion, the *Amen* fugue! It will be seen that there is meaning in this arrangement; and to cut off all the third part, except the song of faith, interpolating that before the Hallelujah in the second part, is to sacrifice all the unity of this great work.

We have no doubt that unavoidable untoward circumstances dictated much of this omission, and not the judgment of so excellent a musician and admirer of Handel as the conductor, Mr. KREISSMANN; that, with regard to the Society itself, it was only that the "flesh was weak while the spirit was willing." Is it not possible that they were hurried into attempting more than they were quite ready for by the vigorous movements of their seceding rivals? No matter, let them be of good courage, for a plenty of other chances yet remain for the (old, we must now say) Education Society to do its possible.

#### II. ON THE EVENING OF CHRISTMAS.

The elements were more propitious. Objectively and subjectively, the conditions for realizing Handel's "Messiah" were unusually complete. We were better seated: not as the first time, on the floor (which perhaps had somewhat to do with the less vitality and resonance of sound), but in that gloriously deep end gallery, which confronts and inclines us all to the music, with a feeling as of eager plants exposed to the sunshine; the hall was full to crowding, even the walls lined with "standee" tickets (as the facetious agent of Sontag used to advertise it), which gave a better aspect to the hall, relieving somewhat the clumsy, dough-face whiteness of the ornamentation;—the stage too, gracefully curved in to the gallery corners, and overflowing forward, like a horn of plenty, with so many singers as to let the orchestra down upon a temporary platform, showed up the performers in fine shape, and even mitigated the senseless fantasticality of the screen before what is to be the organ, and which screen we heard wittily compared to the frames of those great pieces of fireworks which stand out in the sunshine of the common on the "Glorious Fourth";—then too our head-ache demon had vanished, leaving the mind free, and there was pleasant sphere and company about; and then—rarest and best thing of all—we never knew an audience so well behaved! They were obedient to every request of the providers of the feast. Requested (on the programme) to abstain from all applause, they did so, and let the music sink the deeper into their souls, instead of making foolish noise; Handel could speak to us without senseless interruption from the partial friends of any singer, and the childish tyrants who enforce encores. Requested to do their cloaking and bustling and retiring—those who wished not to stay—in the pause assigned before the Amen chorus, they did so, and for the first time in an oratorio we were allowed to hear the final chorus. There is honor due for these arrangements, and we commend them as examples for all future oratorios.

Leaving the draw-backs to be named last, we revert at once to the field musical, its forces and victorious manœuvres. The chorus-singers of the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY numbered not far from three hundred, and were admirably balanced and effective in the four parts. Particularly rich and mellow, amid the other coloring, were the masses of contralto. The orchestra had a few more violins than on the evening before, and told often more effectively. The whole was under the baton of CARL BERGMANN, who entered into it with his whole heart apparently, having drilled his forces thoroughly beforehand, and gave us one of his most masterly specimens of conductorship.

The solo-singing was perhaps, taken as a whole, some shades less satisfactory than that of the Education Society, but in some parts much better. A novel experiment (though said to be according to the old books) of assigning the opening Recitative and Air to Miss STONE, instead of to a tenor, resulted quite well, at least in the Recitative; indeed this lady is always good where anything like a proclamation or annunciation is to be made. In *Every Valley* we did not fancy it so much, although she was in excellent voice, and far more spirited and effective than the evening before, in all her pieces: viz. the *Shepherds, Rejoice greatly*, and *I know that my Redeemer liveth*. Only there is still the old need of a more distinct and clear enunciation.

Mrs. WENTWORTH won golden opinions by her chaste, elegant and fervent rendering of *Come unto him*, and *But thou didst not leave*. Her voice, in spite of a certain childlike quality, is exquisitely pure and fine and penetrating; it goes out from her with a quiet earnestness that steals into one's heart; and she is one of the very few among our solo singers whose song grows better and better as it goes on, instead of beginning pretty well and gradually fading out. Miss HUMPHREY's contralto was rich and warm in quality as ever, but drooped rather lifelessly in *O thou that tellest*, so as sometimes to fall a shade below the level of firm, true pitch; the "glad tidings" were not glad enough, nor was the voice "lifted up with strength." *He was despised* was sung by her with great beauty, not omitting the exquisite last half of the song, *He gave his back to the smiters*, &c., which is too beautiful ever to be left out. The Recitative and Duet, between her and Mr. BALL, we do not remember ever to have heard before; it is singularly fine, with all its antiquity of style.

The tenor solos were given by Mr. S. B. BALL, considering evident hoarseness, very creditably. Herr F. MEYER has a powerful bass voice and seems to be a good musician; there was fire and positiveness in his solos; yet they were much marred by a certain fierce bravado sort of tremolo, which sounded like the attempt to browbeat one's own terror, and fitter for the part of Fra Diavolo or one of Schiller's Robbers, than for oratorio; also by a peculiar sudden shout, as if to scare one, in his *crescendo* terminations, as well as by the difficulty of enunciating in a foreign language.

But the grand triumph of the performance was in the choruses, which rolled out with superb volume, elasticity and steadiness, every subject being taken up with promptness, confidence and firmness by the whole mass of voices in each part, so that there was never anything obscure, or dull, or feeble. One listened with awe and yet exultingly, as one does to the roar of waves upon the beach. The "Wonderful" chorus was never in our memory more effective; so clearly and cheerfully were the little fragmentary themes, fraught with the good news, flung about and answered from voice to voice, and so well were the grand *unisono* exclamations of the titles "Wonderful! Counsellor!" &c., prepared and fulfilled to the ear and soul. The chorus, *All we like sheep*, was equally bold and graphic in the rendering; and the sublimely solemn Adagio with which it ends, *The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all*, was rendered doubly impressive by one of the finest effects of *pianissimo* and *crescendo* on the last notes, that we ever heard produced; the au-

dience were breathless. The "Hallelujah" told as it was meant to tell, most grandly; and grander still was the finale, *Worthy is the Lamb*, with the *Amen* fugue, which never before in Boston, we suspect, was uttered with such clearness and positiveness of outline, such satisfying and sonorous fulness, and such deep interest and attention on the part of every hearer (the impatient ones having all fairly made their exit in the pause allotted, by the excellent arrangement above mentioned). The choruses throughout were finely stimulated and seconded, with unflinching precision and yet delicate adaptation, by the instruments. As a choral performance we do not remember the equal of this. As a real, living, ear and soul-satisfying presentation of the "Messiah," as a whole, too, we think it must take precedence of all the attempts that hitherto have come under our notice. There was so much of the true thing realized, that individual defects had small power to defeat or mar the glorious general intent.

The only drawbacks were: first, the lack of the great organ, which is not completed, and the substitution of a very ineffective little reed organ, which told not half so well as the Grand Piano that was used in Saturday's performance. Secondly, the heat and close air of the crowded room. Finally the necessity of omitting many pieces, involving the further necessity of departing from the true divisions of the three parts, as we have said above. But the omissions were fewer and the division better than on Saturday. The audience had a chance to feel how essential to the great whole is the music of the proper Part Third, opening with the song of faith, and ending with the *Amen* chorus. Among the missing choruses which we most regretted were the lively one: *And he shall purify; His yoke is easy*; and most especially, the profoundly beautiful and touching: *Surely he hath borne our griefs*, and *And with his stripes*; one of the finest parts of the whole oratorio. All of these have often been heard in Boston, but were omitted both on Saturday and Sunday evenings this time. It is a pity that any omissions should be required in a work where all left out is loss. But if there must be any, can we not, with a few exceptions, spare the solos better than we can the choruses? Are the interests of the solo singers always to be considered before Handel and the entire effect of his great oratorio? When the choruses can be had in their full potency, and the solos in the nature of the case only indifferently, which should be preferred?

We congratulate the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY upon the great success that has crowned this their first public effort; and we congratulate our readers on the second chance they offer us to hear the oratorio *this evening*.

OTTO DRESEL'S SECOND SOIREE was one of the most delightful that he has yet given. The sensitive and fine-strung artist showed less of that nervous anxiety which is apt to attend his conscientious preparation for a concert, and looked free and radiant and happy. Perhaps it was well for him that the concert had to be given at short notice, and so caught one of his best moods by surprise. It was encouraging, too, to see the beautiful Chickering rooms full, in spite of the formidable diversion threatened by one of the great fashionable parties. Such music teaches us what to like best, and that there be some pleasures

which are "sweet in the mouth" and not "bitter in the stomach." We never sat in a happier seeming company; only one shadow must have fallen ever and anon across each mind's satisfaction; who did not look round involuntarily sometimes, after a fine passage, for sympathy in the bland smile of an old friend, the genius of the place, and suddenly remember—! But his younger representatives were there with kind and manly courtesy.

The original Quartet for piano with strings, performed by Messrs. DRESEL (the composer), SCHULTZE, MEYER and BERGMANN, made a decided impression. The first Allegro was not quite so successfully presented (a poet sometimes stumbles in reciting his own best poem, which he knows by heart) as the rest, so that its very original ideas did not speak for quite all their worth. Yet its fine fire of high, unflagging aspiration must have made itself felt. The Andante was a most lovely movement, delicate and individual in thought, and wrought out and varied most effectively. The Intermezzo proved to be that quaint, piquant and graceful little fancy, which Mr. Dresel makes a pet of in his chance sittings at the piano, much to the satisfaction of chance listeners,—but greatly enriched by the string accompaniments. The Finale also won us to its mood, a mood strangely fascinating, so that we felt reluctant to be charmed back from it, and would fain have heard the whole quartet over, or more music of the same complexion. But it is Beethoven that comes next! Yes, we are aware the king awaits us: but why may we not linger a moment with this young minstrel knight!

Beethoven did come! Never was the C sharp minor Sonata—the "Moonlight Sonata," so called—played with such grace and power and depth of feeling, or brought so vividly before us as this time. Mr. SCHULTZE played a series of three characteristic little violin solos, by Ferdinand David, the Leipzig concert master, entitled "Gondoliera," "Hungarian Air" and "Tarentella." They were feelingly played, and we liked them better than the usual elaborate violin solos, as we like Schumann's little Album pieces better than Herz variations and fantasias.

Mr. DRESEL finished out the first part with two exquisite Notturmos (in E, op. 62, and in B, op. 12), and the Valse in A flat, op. 34, of Chopin. The mild heat-lightning of the composer's dreamy, spiritual fancy seemed to descend and flicker over the keyboard of the instrument.

Part Second consisted solely of Mendelssohn's second Trio (in C minor); but as the programme seemed too short, Mr. Dresel was induced to prelude with a few familiar piano solos, such as the Chopin waltz in A minor, a *Lied ohne Worte*, &c. The Trio went grandly; Bergmann's violoncello, Schultze's violin, and the full-wave harmonies of the piano swelling up from behind, claimed equal attention and blended in an admirable whole.

MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT. A Dresden letter in *Galvani's Messenger* contains the following:

"I attended the second of a series of concerts given by Herr Goldschmidt, Schubert, and Kummer. The evening will be memorable in the annals of the musical world, as that on which Madame Jenny Goldschmidt made her first appearance in public since her marriage and return from America. For days previously, the music shop from which tickets were issued had been besieged by the public of Dresden, and many hundreds were turned away disappointed.

It was with much anxiety that I saw the hour of the concert approach; I knew Madame Goldschmidt had been ill and hoarse for many days, and it was only at the last moment that she determined to sing, rather than disappoint the expectant public. She had selected for her part in the concert the beautiful hymn, for solo and chorus, by Mendelssohn, *Hor' mein Bitten, Herr*, and, but that I felt grieved that she should make such exertion when suffering from hoarseness and indisposition, I should have enjoyed without a drawback the perfect expression she gave to this most lovely music. The manner, which she gave the words, *O konnt' ich fliegen wie Tauben dahin*, had something in it which seemed to carry one far



from this dull earth away into the blue heavens. Her voice is as fine as it ever was; and in the songs with which she finished her evening's performance, one felt as much as ever her infinite superiority to all the singers of the present day, evinced equally in the supernatural charm of her simple style, as in the most brilliant and difficult floriture of the modern Italian school."

Other paragraphs from letter-writers in Dresden, mostly Americans, have been going the rounds in the newspapers, which we have not copied. One scarcely recognizes this fresh and great-souled child of nature and of genius in their pictures, so offensively do they besmear her and "her Otto" with their pietistic conventionalities.

**CHILDREN'S MERRY CHRISTMAS MUSIC.**—Father Haydn's *Kinder-Sinfonie*, as played the Germanians Saturday afternoon, was delightfully droll. Little drums and penny trumpets, and hum-birds, and the melancholy two notes of the cuckoo, &c., &c., were all wrought into the web of the violin music, like the bright-colored yarns that peep out a stitch or two at a time upon a sober canvass. The Andante was especially quaint, by the contrast of a solemn, sentimental movement with those masqueradish little auxiliaries. How the partridge-like whirr of the *Waldfeset* put in the element of mystery! Germans know how to wake a child's fancy.

In New York, too, they had a children's symphony, called *Santa Claus*, composed by Fry for Jullien's orchestra. *The Tribune* says:

The piece, after a slow movement portraying the dignity of the occasion, gives us the evening festivities—their conclusion—the Lord's prayer set to the orchestra—the lullaby—a snow storm with imitations of the winds—the tolling of the hour of twelve—the coming of Santa Claus in his sleigh—his gift distribution and retreat—the *adeste fideles*—the children discovering their gifts, when the orchestra plays on children's trumpets, whistles, drums, rattles, etc.—the finale hallelujah chorus. This symphony lasts half an hour; but notwithstanding it was loudly and stubbornly encored on its first performance on Christmas eve, and M. Jullien obligingly repeated it. On account of the complete success attending it, M. Jullien will give it again to night, after awarding to it the advantages of additional rehearsals.

**CONCERTS AT HAND.**—The "Messiah" again to-night.—"Sampson" by the **HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY** again to-morrow night.—JULLIEN comes back to fill the Music Hall all next week, and no longer. Enough said!—Mr. ARTHURSON announces a vocal concert, with organ-playing by MÜLLER, and other good help. He will also teach while in the city; and we are sure our singers, many of them, would do well to get from him right notions about *recitative*, &c.—The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB next Tuesday evening offer a rich programme. We are sorry to see that they do not find it pays to continue the afternoon rehearsals. Next Friday's will be the last.—The next GERMANIA concert is a week from to-night. Schubert's Symphony will be revived. Will not the Germanians let us have the harp of APTOMMAS in orchestra.—say in Gade's "Echoes from Ossian" overture, which needs a harp part?

**THE PROPOSED SYMPHONY SOIRÉES.**—Are our readers aware that the subscription list, at Wade's, will remain open only one week longer! If we would not let slip so fine an opportunity, we must be prompt to put down our names, and not only that, but to secure the names of all true music-lovers whom we know. Effort is due in such a case. It is one in which the music teachers and professors should be interested. Let them too subscribe and get subscribers. It should touch the pride of the profession to have so classical a scheme of concerts fail among us.

True, it is brought forward amid unusual obstacles, as: 1. It is late in the season. So much the more need of effort.

2. The price, as first stated, was too high for many. But now it is put so near to the half-dollar price (*three dollars for the five soirées*) as to make no material difference.

3. The evenings proposed (Wednesdays) are complained of. It would be better to have Saturday. But the Germanians expect no profits from these concerts; whereas their Saturdays can be turned to good pecuniary account. Swell up the list, then, and they will give you Saturday.

The plan is too good to be allowed on any account to fall through. Let us suggest further, as an inducement for those who feel a professional or quasi-professional pride in the keeping up of good music, that a permanent

classical Musical League or Union might naturally grow out of five gatherings of such a company as this would bring together.

**DRUM OBLIGATO!**—We mean the drum for delinquents. The first of January reminds us that nine months of our Journal's year have gone, and yet hundreds of our subscribers ("in advance," the terms were) have still neglected to remit to us those little trifling \$2 sums, which collectively compose the bone and sinew of our enterprise. We pay as we go; how many times are we expected to notify and send round to our subscribers, before they think it proper to pay us?

But think of this! Who would believe this possible of persons who love music? In cases not very many, and yet not very few, considering, have original subscribers continued to receive our journal, six or eight months into the second year, before notifying us that they never wanted it a second year, and so declined to pay the bill presented!!

☞ A GOOD TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE JOURNAL OF MUSIC is the first of January. Bound volumes of the first year, and all back numbers can be furnished, to those who wish to keep the musical record complete.

## Advertisements.

### JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

The sale of Reserved Seats, for the FIRST CONCERT, will commence on Tuesday next, Jan. 3d, at 9 o'clock, at E. H. Wade's Music Store.

Tickets for the Hall may be had at  
Wade's Music Store, 197 Washington St.  
G. P. Reed & Co. 17 Tremont Row.  
Ditson, 115 Washington Street.  
Richardson, 282 Washington Street.  
T. T. Barker, 381 Washington Street.  
Col. Thompson's Office, and the principal Hotels.

Admission, ..... \$1.00.  
Reserved Seats, ..... 50 cents extra,  
To be had only at E. H. WADE'S, 197 Washington Street, in the day time.

### SYMPHONY SOIRÉES.

#### The Germania Musical Society,

At the request of many lovers of Classical Music, propose, should sufficient encouragement be offered, to give in Boston Wednesday evenings, a new series of FIVE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS, to consist exclusively of CLASSICAL MUSIC, according to the following scheme of historical programmes and prices.

#### PROGRAMMES.

First Soirée, January 14th, 1854.

- PART I.  
1.—Symphony in D. .... Haydn.  
2.—Overture "Iphigenia," ..... Gluck.  
PART II.  
3.—Symphony in G minor. .... Mozart.  
4.—Overture "Coriolanus," ..... Beethoven.

Second Soirée, Jan. 28th.

- PART I.  
1.—Symphony in E flat major. .... Haydn.  
2.—Overture "Magic flute," ..... Mozart.  
PART II.  
3.—Symphony No. 2, in D, op. 36. .... Beethoven.  
4.—Overture "Medea," ..... Cherubini.

Third Soirée, Feb. 11th.

- PART I.  
1.—Symphony in C, (Jupiter), ..... Mozart.  
2.—Overture "Leonora, No. 3," ..... Beethoven.  
PART II.  
3.—Symphony No. 4, in F, op. 86. .... Spohr.  
4.—Overture "The Fair Melusina," ..... Mendelssohn.

Fourth Soirée, Feb. 25th.

- PART I.  
1.—Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, op. 55, "Eroica," ..... Beethoven.  
2.—Overture "Oberon," ..... Weber.  
PART II.  
3.—Symphony in C. .... Schubert.  
4.—Overture "Byron's Manfred," ..... Schumann.

Fifth Soirée, March 11th.

- PART I.  
1.—Symphony No. 8, in A minor, op. 56. .... Mendelssohn.  
2.—Overture "King Lear," ..... Berlioz.  
PART II.  
3.—Symphony in E flat major. .... Schumann.  
4.—Overture "Tannhäuser," ..... Wagner.

☞ The price of a set of five tickets, admitting one person to each of the five Concerts, numbered from one to five, and to be used accordingly, is fixed at THREE DOLLARS. Single tickets, ONE DOLLAR. The list will close January 1, 1854. For further information, apply to HENRY BANDT, Agent, Dec. 10. Office at Wade's.

### COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscribers having formed a Copartnership under the name of CHICKERING & SONS, for the purpose of continuing the *Piano-Forte Business*, trust by their attention and promptness to merit the patronage heretofore extended to the late Jonas Chickering.

Dec. 24.

THO'S F. CHICKERING,  
CHAS' F. CHICKERING,  
GEO. H. CHICKERING.

### AT TREMONT TEMPLE.

#### The Mendelssohn Choral Society

HAVING been so fortunate as to have gained, in an unusual degree, the approbation of those present at the ORATORIO on last SUNDAY EVENING, and to have elicited numerous requests for a repetition from those whose approval it is an honor to merit, and in whose taste and judgment it is safe to confide, and also from many who were unable to obtain admission on that occasion, has decided to repeat

#### HANDEL'S "MESSIAH,"

On NEW YEAR'S EVE, Saturday, Dec. 31, at TREMONT TEMPLE, commencing at 7½ o'clock, as performed on CHRISTMAS EVENING with so great success.

It is not one of the least flattering of the testimonials to the excellency of the former performance, that the

#### GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,

have been induced, by the advice of their friends, to enter into this Concert in mutual partnership with the M. C. S. The accompaniments will be given with the same number in the Orchestra as on Christmas evening.

Tickets 50 cents each, to be had at Wade's, Reed's and Ditson's music stores.

### HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY,

#### Second Concert of the Series.

HANDEL'S GRAND DRAMATIC ORATORIO OF  
**SAMSON,**

WILL BE PRESENTED FOR THE SECOND TIME BY THE  
**HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY,**

On SUNDAY EVENING NEXT, Jan. 1st.

AT THE

**BOSTON MUSIC HALL,**

ASSISTED BY

Assisted by Miss Anna Stone, Mrs. E. A. Wentworth, Messrs. J. H. Low, H. M. Alken, Thomas Ball, and B. Wheat, and by the whole

#### GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Conductor, ..... Mr. CARL BERGMANN.  
Organist, ..... Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

Performance to commence at 7 o'clock.

☞ Tickets, at 50 cents each, may be had at the Tremont, Revere, Bromfield and United States Hotels—at the Music Stores of Messrs. Wade, Ditson, Reed, Tolman, and Richardson—of Mr. Weeks, at Foderhen & Co's.—at the offices of the Hall, on the evening of performance; and at No. 139 Washington Street, on the evening of performance.

Members will have their usual privilege.  
Back tickets of the series may be presented.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

### CHAMBER CONCERTS.

#### The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

Respectfully inform the Musical Public of Boston that their

#### FOURTH CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE

On Tuesday Evening, Jan. 3d, 1854.

At the **MEIONAON, Tremont Street.**

Mozart's Quartette in E flat, No. 4.—Beethoven's Quartette in F No. 1, (first time)—Quintette in E minor, by N. W. Gade, (first time), are among the pieces to be presented. For further particulars see programmes.

☞ Single Tickets, 50 cents each. Package of Eight tickets, which may be used at pleasure. Three Dollars.  
☞ Doors open at 7. Concert to commence at 7½ precisely.

#### LAST PUBLIC REHEARSAL.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S Last Rehearsal will take place on FRIDAY AFTERNOON, Jan. 6. Single Tickets 25 cents each.

### MR. ARTHURSON

Respectfully announces that his FIRST VOCAL CONCERT will take place at the

### MEIONAON,

On Wednesday Evening, Jan. 4th,

ASSISTED BY

Miss ANNA STONE,

Mrs. WENTWORTH,

Mrs. RAMETTI, and

MR. F. F. MÜLLER.

Mr. Müller will preside at the Piano and Organ, performing twice on the latter instrument.

Single Tickets 50 cents. Family Tickets to admit three, \$1, to be had with programmes at the music stores of E. H. Wade, and Geo. P. Reed.

☞ Mr. Arthurson takes this occasion to state that during the three coming months he will reside in Boston, and will take a limited number of pupils for instruction in Recitative, Oratorio and the Modern School of Vocalization. Applications to be addressed to him, 36 Oxford street.

**M. JULLIEN**

Respectfully announces that he will give

**SIX GRAND CONCERTS,**Commencing on **THURSDAY, JAN. 5th, 1854,**

—AT THE—

**BOSTON MUSIC HALL.**

Full particulars will be duly announced.

The engagement cannot by any possibility be prolonged, in consequence of M. Jullien's departure for New Orleans.

**PIANO FOR SALE CHEAP,****H**ALLET & CUMSTON'S make, seven octaves, new and of superior quality, at **GEO. P. REED & CO'S,** No. 13 Tremont Street.**PUBLIC REHEARSALS.****THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY** will give **PUBLIC REHEARSALS** at the Boston Music Hall every **WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON**, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26.

The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals. Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents. oct 29

**A. W. FRENZEL****R**ESPECTFULLY gives notice that he is commencing a new term with Scholars on the **PIANO-FORTE.** Orders may be left at G. P. Reed's or T. H. Barker's Music Stores, or at his residence,**No. 4 Pine St., Boston.**

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**AUGUST FRIES,****TEACHER OF MUSIC,**

Nov. 5, 3m.

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**ADOLPH KIELBLOCK,****TEACHER OF MUSIC.****M**R. K. may be addressed at his residence, No. 5 Franklin Street, or at the Music Store of Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St., Geo. P. Reed, & Co., 17 Tremont Row, or Nathan Richardson, 282 Washington Street. 3 mos oct 29**OTTO DRESEL**Gives Instruction on the Piano, and may be addressed at the **WINTHROP HOUSE.** Terms:—\$50 per quarter of 24 lessons, two a week; \$30 per quarter of 12 lessons, one a week. Nov. 12. tf**JUST PUBLISHED.****CHORUS PARTS** to Mendelssohn's Oratorio of **ELIJAH.** **CHORUS PARTS** to Handel's Oratorio of the **MESSIAH.** **CLASSICAL CHORUS BOOK,** by **BAKER & SOUTHARD.** **PESTALOZZIAN SCHOOL SONG BOOK,** by **GEO. W. PRATT.****George P. Reed & Co., Publishers,**

nov 5

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Mr. S. may be addressed at the music stores of Oliver Ditson or Nathan Richardson.

Refers to the following gentlemen: JOHN S. DWIGHT, Esq., HALLETT, DAVIS &amp; Co., OLIVER DITSON, NATHAN RICHARDSON. Oct. 8.

**D. B. NEWHALL,****MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN****PIANO FORTES,****No. 344 Washington Street, Boston.****PIANO FORTES REPAIRED, TUNED, & TO LET.**

Apr. 10.

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**Hill, Francis G.**  
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**Jaell, Alfred.****Kielblock, Adolph.**  
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**Muller, F. F.**  
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Apr. 10.

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**MISS MARIA FRIES**, lately arrived from Germany, respectfully announces her intention of giving instruction in the **GERMAN LANGUAGE**, either in private lessons or in classes. Communications addressed to her, or to her brothers, August or Wulf Fries, No 17 Franklin place, will receive immediate attention.

References—Professor Henry W. Longfellow, of Cambridge; Doct. Wesselhoef, Bernard Roelker, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq. Nov. 12. tf

**L. H. SOUTHARD,****TEACHER OF MUSIC,****365 Washington Street, Boston.**

Oct. 16.

3m

**F. F. MÜLLER,****DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST** at the Old South Church; **ORGANIST** of the Handel and Haydn Society; **ORGANIST** of the Musical Education Society, &c. &c. &c. Residence, **No. 3 Winter Place, Boston.** H7 tf**Letter-Press, Music and Job Printing-Office,****Concert Programmes, Tickets, &c.****PRINTED NEATLY & PROMPTLY  
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**PIANOFORTE, SINGING & GUITAR,****2 Seneca St., corner Harrison Avenue.****MR. De RIBAS** will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also **MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANPOSED, &c.** Boston, April 23. 3m**J. TRENKLE,****TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.**Residence **No. 56 Kneeland Street.**

Oct. 8. 3m

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